Hora. My Lord, I came to see your fathers funeral.
Ham. I prethee doe not mock me fellow student,
I thinke it was to my mothers wedding.
Hora. Indeed my Lord it followed hard vpon.
Ham. Thrift, thrift, *Horatio*, the funeral bak't meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables,
Would I had met my dearest foe in Heauen
Or euer I had seene that day *Horatio*,
My father me thinkes I see my father.
Hora. Where my Lord?
Ham. In my minds eie *Horatio*.
Hora. I saw him once, a was a goodly King.
Ham. A was a man take him for all in all
I shall not looke vpon his like againe.
Hora. My Lord, I thinke I saw him yesternight.
Ham. Saw, who?
Hora. My Lord the King your father.
Ham. The King my father?
Hora. Season your admiration for a while
With an attentiue eare till I may deliuer
Vpon the witnesse of these Gentlemen
This maruaile to you.
Ham. For Gods loue let me heare?
Hora. Two nights together had these Gentlemen,
Marcellus, and *Barnardo*, on their watch,
In the dead vast and middle of the night
Beene thus incountred, a figure like your father
Armed at point, exactly *Cap apea*
Appeares before them, and with solemne march,
Goes slow and stately by them; thrice he walkt
By their oppressed and feare surprized eies,
Within this trnnchions length, whil'st they distill'd
Almost to gelly, with the act of feare
Stand dumbe and speake not to him; this to me,
In dreadfull secrecie impart they did,
And I with them the third night kept the watch,
Whereas they had deliuered both in time,
Forme of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes: I knew your father,

These

20 attent 21 witnes 22 maruile
26 wast 32 his tronchions. ult. apparision

These hands are not more like.
Ham. But where was this?
Mar. My Lord vpon the platforme where we watcht,
Ham. Did you not speake to it?
Hora. My Lord, I did,
But answer made it none, yet once me thought
It lifted vp its head and did addresse
It selfe to motion, like as it would speake:
But euen then the morning Cock crew loud,
And at the sound it shrunke in hast a way
And vanisht from our sight.
Ham. Tis verie strange.
Hora. As I doe liue my honor'd Lord tis true
And we did thinke it writ downe in our dutie
To let you know of it.
Ham. Indeed sirs but this troubles me,
Hold you the watch to night?
All. We doe my Lord.
Ham. Arm'd say you?
All. Arm'd my Lord.
Ham. From top to toe?
All. My Lord from head to foot.
Ham. Then saw you not his face?
Hora. O yes my Lord, he wore his beauer vp.
Ham. What look't he frowningly?
Hora. A countenance more in sorrow then in anger.
Ham. Pale or red?
Hora. Nay verie pale.
Ham. And fixt his eies vpon you?
Hora. Most constantly.
Ham. I would I had beene there.
Hora. It would haue much amaz'd you.
Ham. Verie like: staid it long?
Hora. While one with moderate haste might tell a hund
Both. Longer, longer.
Hora. Not when I saw't.
Ham. His beard was grisseld, no.
Hora. It was as I haue seene it in his life
A sable siluer'd.

antepenult. grissl'd